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should be examined, and in such a work as Borlase's 'Natural History of Cornwall' will be found quite enough to furnish an apt writer with all the background for a Cornish story."

I do not wish to be offensive : but it has been my lot to know something of Cornwall, and I pray that I may catch one of Mr. Russell's pupils at it.

But Mr. Russell, as befits a Complete Guide, is ready for anything, from the "par" to the sonnet ("I fancy that anybody capable of writing poetry adapted to the comprehension of the ordinary reader would meet with quite as much success now as in the days when Moore received £3,000 for 'Lalla Rookh'"), and from the novel ("a good writer can produce at least two fictions a year") back to "hints, texts, and suggestions for such headings as *Chat, Gossip, Notes, Talk of the Day, Entre Nous, En Passant*, etc."

Here, for instance, is the recipe for a paragraph extracted from Mr. Russell's confessions:—"I once became connected with a good evening journal by writing notes of the day on current foreign and colonial news thus-wise: If I saw a telegram from some little-known part of the world, I looked up the place in a cyclopaedia, and tacked on to the news a few lines giving, in the fewest and most picturesque words, some interesting historic, physical, or generally interesting facts about the place, and making it harmonious with the intelligence conveyed. . . . I read that ivory was likely to 'go up.' I at once sat down and wrote a few lines stating that the late sale prices had advanced, and then drifted into the following, which was duly published:—

"Ivory was once the name given to the main substance of the teeth of all animals, but now it is properly restricted to that modification of dentine which, in transverse sections, exhibits lines of different colours running in circular arcs and forming lozenge-shaped spaces. By this true ivory is distinguished from all other tooth substances and from bone counterfeits. It is curious that the teeth of the elephant alone possess the proper signs of pure ivory, although such animals as the walrus and hippopotamus have teeth and horns of such density as to approximate to true ivory. The best comes from the tusks of the African elephant, and Herr Holtzapffel states that in Northern Siberia he found fossil elephant tusks of 186 lbs. weight. From remote antiquity elephant tusks have constituted an important article of commerce, and mention of these is often made in the Old Testament. With the ancient Greeks ivory was an important material, and Phidias, the great sculptor, made his famous Olympian Jupiter (*sic*) entirely from this costly material. The art of working ivory is of Oriental origin," etc., etc.

An examination of this sample and one or two others will at once show, says Mr. Russell complacently, that such writing is "within the capacity of anyone able to write at all." But, for that matter, blank verse comes just as easy to the teacher, who, however, admits that, to be acceptable, it "must be very, very good" (like the little girl Who had a little curl Right in the middle of her forehead); and as for Fiction, we shall all be able to do it on our heads, so to speak, after consulting the "Complete Guide." Why, Mr. Russell throws off a crude idea (the expression is his own) of a "true epic novel of the times" which shall employ as many as half a dozen writers in the writing (p. 210). On another page he provides, with a wave of his pen, an entirely new field for novelists: "It has ever seemed to me"—the dog has known all about it from his cradle—"that a fine field exists for those writers who will deal with their hero and heroine during married life, and take the reader completely into the confidence of home life from its most interior standpoint."

These be "prave orts" (especially "most interior"), but there are braver on the page where Mr. Russell conjures up a whole story of adventure from a paper on Kaiser-Wilhelm-Land read before the Geographical Society in Berlin. The forts in Kaiser-Wilhelm-Land "are remarkable, in which, during war with a neighbour, the women and children

are kept in safety. They are made in the tops of trees, some 120 to 160 feet high, and are reached by very shaky steps or ladders. Surely in this last brief statement is the text for more than one tale of peril, of horror, and, perhaps, of devotion unto death. I roughly sketch here simply outlines of what may be done. . . . Those who have a faculty for narrative will, I am sure, find many useful hints here, and those who do not may conclude thence that, as yet, at all events, tales of adventure are not exactly in their literary way."

It is bare justice to add that Mr. Russell insists many times on the uselessness of his teaching unless incessant pains be taken by his disciples. But he seems too modest. He has made "technics" appear so easy of acquisition that I see little risk in proclaiming the decease of criticism.

Q. C.

REVIEWS.

CLIVE: STATESMAN AND SOLDIER.

LORD CLIVE. By Colonel Sir Charles Wilson. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

SIR CHARLES WILSON has succeeded in a very difficult task. It requires some courage to follow the steps of Lord Macaulay in his brilliant biographies of the two great founders of the British Rule in India. In such attempts we recognise all the most striking passages as echoes, more or less faint, from the two memorable Essays. Nor is it easy to make sufficient allowance for the general toning down of style which the sober treatment of our day demands. Yet we think that no careful student of Indian history will rise from the perusal of Sir Charles Wilson's little volume, without feeling that the story of Clive's life-work has here been told with a fulness and fairness, and with a desire to get at the truth, which are wanting in Macaulay's attractive narrative.

It is high time that the unhesitating verdicts of Macaulay on Indian men and events, pronounced with all the valour of imperfect knowledge, should be deliberately passed under review. His swift sentence on Warren Hastings has perpetuated during the past half-century something of the wrong inflicted by partisan invective and political calumny a hundred years ago. With a generation of natives growing up in India, keenly critical of their rulers, and not unwilling to believe the statements which Englishmen themselves make against our Indian Government, that Government has been much to blame for delaying to render the official records of what really has taken place in India available to the historian. It is only very slowly that the truth has leaked out about Warren Hastings. The tardy publication of the Council minutes of his administration has, within the past three months, placed beyond doubt the injustice done to his memory, and given fresh proof of the impolicy of so long withholding the official records from the public. In the case of Lord Clive even this tardy redress has not yet been granted. The present biography by Sir Charles Wilson adds little to the materials, chiefly contained in Orme, which Macaulay had before him in 1840. But Sir Charles Wilson uses those materials with a sense of responsibility not always disclosed in Macaulay's epigrammatic pages. He also brings to his task a practical acquaintance with military operations, which exhibits certain of the principal events in Clive's career in a new and more accurate light. We would especially commend Sir Charles Wilson's description of the final attack on Arcot. In Macaulay it forms the climax of a magnificent frenzy of fanaticism. Colonel Wilson's tactical description is as follows:—

"Four columns advanced to the attack. Two tried to force open the gates by employing elephants with iron plates on their heads a

battering-rams, but the huge beasts, galled by the musketry fire from the fort, turned and, charging the advancing columns, threw them into disorder. The remaining columns attempted to storm the two breaches. The assailants crossed the ditch and crowded into the unfinished *fauise-braie* and the breaches. The defenders reserved their fire until the stormers reached the ditches of the retrenchments, and then delivered it with crushing effect. Hand-grenades and shells previously prepared were rolled over the parapet into the surging crowds in the *fauise-braie*, while the supports as they advanced were met by a heavy fire of musketry and artillery. Clive himself at a critical moment laid one of the field-pieces with his own hands and sank a raft on which the enemy were crossing the ditch. After an hour's struggle the enemy were repulsed at every point, and the shattered columns slowly withdrew to the adjacent houses, whence they kept up a harassing fire against the fort. Suddenly the firing ceased. The enemy had hurriedly decamped, leaving guns, ammunition, and treasure-chest behind, and when daylight broke two hundred unconquered soldiers, who had survived the perils of the siege, marched out to reap the fruits of victory."

Sir Charles Wilson's conception of the Battle of Plassey, and of the circumstances which rendered an action unavoidable at that precise geographical position, is not so clear. The strategic necessities could only be explained by a knowledge of the local topography; and this does not seem to have formed part of the materials from which Colonel Wilson has worked. But surely he must be aware that Clive's own despatch to the Secret Committee, written three days after the battle, has been dug out of the India Office Records, and has been utilised, since Lord Macaulay painted his wonderful word-picture of the fight. Macaulay's Homeric description of the contending chiefs, sleepless on the night before the battle, is superseded by Clive's brief and matter-of-fact details. But it is due to Sir Charles Wilson to state that his narrative of the continuous series of operations, in which Plassey only forms a striking episode, is full of instruction. Sir Charles has withheld the temptation of setting his hero perpetually in the foreground, and he allows their proper share of glory to the skilful, but scarcely known, officers by whom Bengal was gradually placed at the disposal of the East India Company.

Admirable, however, as are the military sections in this book, its highest excellence is, in our opinion, the clear and truthful presentment of Clive as a statesman rather than as a soldier. The Clive of Macaulay is the hero of subalterns. The real Clive of history was a man who only used force to compel terms which could not be obtained by diplomacy. It was these great civil qualities of the victor of Plassey that enabled him to convert a single battle into the beginning of a new era of Indian history. The Field of Panipat a few years afterwards witnessed a far more crushing defeat by another conqueror on a much greater scale. But Panipat only postponed for a few years the pre-existing course of events. It is Clive's special glory that he so controlled events as to render his victory the dominant factor in the whole future course of Indian policy. We regret that space precludes us from quoting some of the many admirable passages in which Sir Charles Wilson gradually works out this aspect of Clive's character. Strange as it may sound to the ordinary English reader, Clive was a man who really believed that he had a mission. "It pleased God," he said on one occasion, "to make me the instrument of their (the Company's) delivery." He clearly grasped the fact that the government of the vast territories which he had acquired was a task beyond the powers of a trading corporation. He desired that the Crown should itself assume the responsibilities which, exactly a century after Plassey, it tardily accepted. As this view did not find favour with British statesmen in his day, he took upon himself the heavy task of elevating the handful of greedy factors and mercantile clerks in Bengal into a body of administrators, diplomatists, and rulers.

That there are blots on Clive's career, and one great stain of political forgery which can never be effaced, no truthful biographer will deny. The true Clive, however, is not the Clive of the fictitious treaty; but a resolute Englishman of quick temper, dogged determination, scrupulous touching his personal honour, clear-sighted as to the results of his

public actions, guided in his diplomatic relations by a desire to do righteously, yet believing himself justified on occasion in stooping to the arts and devices of those with whom he had to struggle for the very existence of the British in Bengal. Colonel Wilson's book conveys the impression of a praiseworthy desire on the part of the writer to state the unvarnished facts, whether they make for, or against, his hero. We are bound to add that this re-examination of the facts tends to raise Clive's reputation, to make us realise the true greatness of the man, and to stir within us a genuine but not uncritical sympathy for him in the difficulties which he encountered and overcame.

In taking leave of Sir Charles Wilson's excellent volume, we venture to correct an historical misapprehension from which he does not seem quite able to free himself. Macaulay's theory of the political ferment in India, during the middle of the last century, still dominates the popular conceptions of the period. But the real process did not resemble so much the seething upheavals of vegetable fermentation, as a deliberately planned struggle for the Mughal Empire by certain well-defined and powerfully organised military races. "The Moslem nobility," of whom Colonel Wilson rather vaguely speaks, were not really competitors even at the first, and by the middle of the last century they had practically made way for two more vigorous claimants. One of these great claimants was the fresh hordes of warlike Muhammadan peoples from beyond the North-Western frontier. The other great competitor was the Hindu confederation of the Maráthás. At the time when Clive appeared on the scene, the Maráthás were the really conquering race throughout India. In spite of their defeat at Panipat, in 1761, by the Afghans from beyond the North-Western frontier, the Maráthás still remained the dominant military race in India. They were only crushed after three protracted struggles with the British, ending with the third Maráthá war in 1817. Macaulay's "Ferment Hypothesis" obscures the character of the great conflict for empire among the races of India and of Central Asia—the Hindus on the one side and the Muhammadans on the other—from the reign of Aurangzebe to the Governor-Generalship of the Earl of Moira. It has led to such misapprehensions as that contained in the opening sentence of the present book—"When, at the close of the seventeenth century, Aurangzebe was holding court at Delhi, all India was subject to his will." As a matter of fact, Aurangzebe was not holding his court at Delhi at the close of the seventeenth century. All India was not subject to his will. He was grappling in a death struggle with the Maráthás in Southern India—the struggle in which his armies dwindled away, his provinces were plundered and overrun, and he himself brought his reign of fifty years to a disastrous close. Until the Ferment Theory of Indian history in the last century is finally abandoned, and the true character of the great conflict of races for the Mughal Empire is clearly set forth, neither the grounds which guided the British diplomacy, nor the overruling causes which led to the British conquest of India, will be properly understood. It would, however, be unfair to expect a brief biography of the class before us to re-write Indian history. And with this little protest we take leave of a book, the perusal of which has given us no ordinary amount of instruction and pleasure.

ELIZABETHAN IRELAND.

WITH ESSEX IN IRELAND. Being Extracts from a Diary kept in Ireland during the year 1599 by Mr. Henry Harvey, sometime secretary to Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex. With a Preface by John Oliver Maddox, M.A. Introduced and edited by Hon. Emily Lawless. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1890.

It is not easy to fix the point of view from which this book should be criticised. It is not a work of fiction, in the proper sense, for it makes no pretence to unity, design, or plot. It can hardly be called a study of character—we see just enough of the inner

nature of Miss Lawless's Essex to make us feel that she could have given us such a study had she chosen to do so. Still less is it a contribution to history—Miss Lawless's Essex is not the Essex of whom we know that he had a treasonable understanding with James of Scotland, and can hardly doubt that he had one with O'Neill; while dramatic propriety seems inconsistent with Essex's choice of a private secretary and intimate friend so completely in the dark about his political plans as Mr. Henry Harvey. As a portrayal of the scenes and incidents which might have been witnessed by a companion of Essex in his military progress through Leinster and Munster, Miss Lawless's book has the charm of treatment, of execution, which could not fail to attach to any work of hers; but from her we have a right to demand more than this, and she has given us very little more. Essex is whitewashed, for no artistic purpose, but apparently from a mere sentimental liking for whitewash; while of the Irish inhabitants of Ireland we are shown scarcely anything, save a confused crowd of ragged kernes, hovering on the verge of their forest fastnesses.

Like most writers on Ireland, Miss Lawless has dipped her pen in hues of Tartarean gloom. In the Elizabethan age the secular anguish of Ireland reached, perhaps, the severest stage through which it has ever passed; but even then one cannot believe that the country was really that vast place of Dreadful Night which it appears to be in most modern accounts. In this, as in other respects, the shortcomings of Miss Lawless's book are best seen if we place it beside another recent study of the same epoch, "The Captivity of Red Hugh," by Mr. Standish O'Grady. Mr. O'Grady's book has extravagances and irregularities, which contrast badly with Miss Lawless's careful composition, but in qualities of more essential moment the advantages of the contrast are all the other way. Under Mr. O'Grady's vivid sketches of character and episode we are made to perceive, as Mr. Henry Harvey does not attempt to make us perceive, the real forces which were at war in Elizabethan Ireland, and the real issues for which they contended. Above all, Mr. O'Grady has shown that it is possible for a competent historian, without extenuating any of the horrors of the time, to write of Elizabethan Ireland as a credible piece of the daylight world, and not as a province of Tartarus.

But the Tartarean conception of Ireland has taken such possession of Miss Lawless's mind that it has even seemed natural to her to people the country with denizens who add a touch of supernatural horror to the gloom of the picture. This feature of the book seems to us a serious blemish from the artistic point of view. It utterly destroys the illusion, otherwise well kept up, that we have before us a record of the actual observations of a companion of Essex. Miss Lawless's apparitions are distinctly literary products, and are not nearly unaccountable enough to be credible. In another sense they are too unaccountable. Had Essex himself been revealed to us as a more profound and potent personality, this supernatural element in Miss Lawless's book might have had more aesthetic justification than it has; but as it is, we feel a want of inward appropriateness in the portents and warnings which attend a career only saved by a kind of weak impetuosity from being entirely commonplace both in purpose and achievement. The "Grey Washer of the Ford," we may add—a mythical creation not, perhaps, so well known as she ought to be from Ferguson's fine poem "Congal"—is clearly in an uncongenial atmosphere when she leaves the wonderland of Celtic legend to terrify the secretary of an Elizabethan Viceroy.

Mr. Henry Harvey's finest descriptive power is applied to the record of his supernatural experiences, but we prefer to quote his narration of an actual incident, which took place on Essex's return journey from his Munster expedition, as an example of the power and spirit with which he wields the English

of Shakespeare and Spenser. After an engagement near Arklow, in which the Irish were repulsed,

The pursuit being at length over, towards four of the clock one of the chiefs, called the O'Connor Faly, sent a follower to his Lordship to crave permission to speak with him about conditions. The same came to us at Arklow, where his Excellency had just entered a house. Whom, when the officers without perceived, they would have cut him down. But his Lordship, hearing of his coming, gave orders that he should be allowed to enter; which he did, and came forward clad in the Irish dress, with woollen trews of a striped pattern, his *bratt* about his shoulders, his arms bare, wearing a lip-beard, his forelocks long, and hanging over his eyes in a tangled mass. A larger-bodied man I have rarely seen, nor one of a more dour aspect, rising over six feet in height, and standing there (though alone, his friends newly dispersed, and himself surrounded by so many gleaming swords which ached to find themselves in his vitals), with a look as haughty and a carriage as dauntless as though we had been his vassals, and he our Prince and Better.

Finding that he knew no English, an interpreter was sent for to inquire his errand, whereupon he told us that this O'Connor Faly craved to speak with the Lord-Lieutenant, but only on condition of a safe-conduct to come and go. To which his Excellency replied that if O'Connor Faly came as a repentant rebel, without arms, offering himself in absolute submission to her Majesty, he might do so, and have a safe-conduct; but that if he came in other guise, or for any other purpose, he should have none; and that as for the next messenger, he would be hanged. This being repeated in Irish to the man, he replied haughtily, in his own tongue, that O'Connor Faly would come in no such way, nor for any such purpose; and, so saying, turned himself round, and strode resolutely out of the house. At which some of the younger captains standing by would have gone after him and cut him down, but his Excellency forbade it, and so the man got clear away.

It is, perhaps, not altogether hypercritical to notice that the chief who sent this emissary to Essex was not O'Connor Faly, but Phelim mac Feagh O'Byrne, son of the famous chief of Glenmalure. He was then fresh from his striking victory over Harrington near Wicklow. The history of this chief is a curious illustration of the rapidity with which the feudal order was then passing away. His mother had been burned for treason in Dublin Castle, his father's head had been spiked over the gates; he himself, after figuring as we have seen during the expedition of Essex, submitted to Mountjoy, and emerges into the light of modern day as a member of Parliament for his county, while his brother Raymond was made a Justice of the Peace! But his repentance availed him little. Dublin Castle had one kind of weapon for the rebellious, another for the submissive Celt. His estates were confiscated upon evidence manufactured *ad hoc* by torture and subornation. He was ultimately cleared, but never could recover his lands; and obscurity and extinction soon overtook the dauntless race which had so long forced every garrison of the Pale to hold sleepless watch for the flash of the spears of Glenmalure.

Miss Lawless has had an ample foundation for her imaginary journal, both in the narrative of John Dymmok and in the official Journal of Essex's Irish expedition, which was kept with considerable fulness of detail, and is extant in the State Papers. There are, however, some errors in her narrative which it is worth while to call attention to. Feagh mac Hugh's head could not, it would seem, have been noticed by Henry Harvey on Dublin Castle. It had been brought to England long before, and was buried near Enfield; so Mr. Bagwell has discovered, from the Hatfield MSS. Again, the Marshal of Ireland, who was defeated by O'Neill at the famous battle of the Yellow Ford, was not Sir Richard but Sir Henry Bagenal (p. 41). The name is correctly given in Miss Lawless's History of Ireland. A much graver error is the attribution to Essex of the humane views upon the starvation policy which are put into his mouth on pp. 241, 242. He had himself urged this very policy upon the Queen—the country was to be so "burned and spoyled" that the rebels should be starved out "in one yeere"—and had even given instructions to the President of Munster for the starvation of that province. Another very misleading utterance is put into his mouth on his receiving the news of the ignominious defeat of Clifford at the Curlews:—

"Some demon sure must overhang this land and all that come into it, else 't could never arrive that a noble knight and an accomplished captain should be overcome by a crew of rogues, and halter-

[September 27, 1890.]

L.C.
sacks, without for the most part shoe to foot, coat to back, or knowledge and understanding of arms!"

This is positively ridiculous. Essex had met only light-armed Kernes in Munster, but even of these he writes (in the letter from which we have quoted above—it is given in Moryson's "Itinerary") that they had both "better bodies and perfecter use of their armes than the men which your Majestie sends over." And he must have known that the soldiery of O'Donnell would be perfectly well equipped. At the Curlews they were greatly outnumbered by the Queen's forces, which they defeated.

For reasons sufficiently indicated, we do not think that this book ought to add to the reputation of the author of "Hurrish." Taken as a whole, it is neither excellent history nor fiction. At the same time it has descriptions of Irish scenery, and episodes, stirring or pathetic, of Irish warfare, which are rendered with all, and more than all, the felicity and poetic insight which Miss Lawless's previous works gave reason to expect in this.

A POET AMID REVOLUTION.

PENDANT LA TERREUR. LE POÈTE ROUCHER, 1745—1794. Paris :
Antoine Guillois. 1890.

ROUCHER, although a delicate spirit, was not a great poet. He aspired to be an imitator of Thomson, and Thomson does not hold a very high place in English literature. He was a close observer of nature and the months. A deliberate copy of the "Seasons" is a fair specimen of that gentle poetry, half didactic and half reflective, which had more attraction for our ancestors than it has for ourselves. But Roucher's fame, like many better things, has been obscured by the Revolution. The interest of these six-and-twenty years which followed the meeting of the States General is so absorbing that we only now begin to realise the efforts which preceded it. Among the causes of the Revolution may be reckoned the philosophy of Voltaire and Rousseau, the speculations of Say and Turgot, and the frivolity of the Court. But besides this over-strength and over-weakness, the culture of centuries had produced its natural results. The refined art of Louis XVI., which is so attractive to many after the lapse of a hundred years, has its counterpart in the writings of scholars and poets, and, above all, in a perfection of family life, which contrast strongly with the rude horrors of the Terror. Roucher combined enthusiasm for humanity and a belief in political ideals with the tenderest affection and the sweetest spirit of resignation. His life, or at least the close of it, awakens sympathy which his writings cannot rouse. We turn from his verses to his letters written from prison, from the familiar tortures of the Conciergerie to the sweet savour of innocent suffering, not rare in those days, but seldom so attractively expressed. The piety of his son and daughter and of his more remote attendants has brought together all that they could recover of Roucher's correspondence; and this has been enriched by the diligence of Monsieur Guillois, whose book is before us. He lays it as a funeral garland on the tomb of a blameless man of letters, and it is well worth the contemplation of posterity. Roucher hailed with enthusiasm the first appearance of the Revolution. He was esteemed as an economist. He translated Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations." He hoped for the regeneration of society, the destruction of arbitrary government, economy in the finances, equality before the law, independence of thought, the realisation of the beautiful and the good. He became a member of the Moderate Society of '89; but he transferred his talents to the Jacobins. He gradually found himself unable to follow his more intemperate associates. His first breach was with Cabanis, who threatened to thrash him and to throw him into the basin of the Tuilleries. This was followed by a quarrel with Danton, and eventually with the whole of the Girondists. Still less was he likely to agree with Collot d'Herbois and Robespierre. He struggled with

André Chénier in the *Journal de Paris* in a polemic against extreme opinions. The tenth of August finally decided the conflict against them. The office of their paper was sacked, their presses broken, and the sheets confiscated. Roucher retired from the struggle. He devoted himself to the education of his daughter and the study of botany. He contrived to escape the massacres of September; but he could not elude the vigilance of Fouquier Tinville. He was arrested in October, 1793, and confined in the prison of Sainte Pelagie.

Here begins the short evening of his life, the most attractive portion of his career to us who know his secrets. His imprisonment in Sainte Pelagie lasted nearly four months, and was at first mild enough. He was locked up in his cell from eight in the evening till the same time next morning, and spent the day in walking up and down a corridor a hundred feet by four with fifty other prisoners. His chief trouble was the dirty companion who shared his cell. Still he worked, ate, and slept during the same hours as at home. Shortly afterwards he was allotted a cell to himself. He paints it in rose colour, but his daughter realised its horrors when she visited it. His chief delight was to follow the education of this daughter, Eulalie, who was absorbed in literary culture. To warn her against envy he tells her an amusing story of Talleyrand. One day Madame de Staél was protesting to him that though he liked her sufficiently well, he preferred Madame de Flahaut. Talleyrand defended himself as best he could. Corinne pressed him hardly, and said at last, "Now confess, if we were in a sinking boat, you would save her before me." The bishop was embarrassed and silent, but replied at length, "Perhaps; but you look as if you could swim better." Eulalie is to spend her day thus:—Two hours drawing, one hour of English, and an hour of French; then, in the afternoon, half an hour of Italian, followed by her correspondence with her father. He recommends the study of Prior, but warns her against Werther.

The prisoners used to invite each other to their cells; they exchanged under these sad conditions books, drawings, and epigrams. The painter, Robert, who had been imprisoned for losing his ticket of citizenship, enlivened them by the work of his pencil.

Roucher writes to his daughter at three o'clock in the morning the following account of his removal to Saint Lazare:—"An hour ago I was suddenly awakened by a loud noise in the corridors and a shaking of the doors. 'Citizen this here! citizen that there! Come quick, quick, get up; Saint Lazare, get up; pass the wickets where you see the light.' I get up. I first arrange my writing case, my treasure, where your letters are, my dear daughter. I pack up my books in my little trunk; I write four lines to mamma to inform her of what has happened; and at last I am ready. The door is opened. Three magistrates of the people enter, preceded by two torches shining with a resinous and smoky flame. 'What is your name?' 'Roucher.' 'Have you been here long?' 'Four months all but nine days.' They examine three lists. Good. 'John Anthony Roucher, man of letters.' 'It is I.' 'They are going to transfer you; prepare yourself.' 'I am ready.' They go out and pass to the other cells. The door of mine is closed, and I can again occupy myself agreeably writing this general removal by night. I open my writing case again, resume my letter, and write this narrative, which records every moment of my life. They tell us that the waggons are waiting; we shall see. When I have arrived at the place of my destination, I will resume the history of my day." He then proceeds to discuss at considerable length the proper translation of a passage in the Georgics.

At St. Lazare Roucher found a purer air and a larger space, but he had not a cell to himself: he was obliged to eat at a common table and pay heavily for a poor fare. He was soon joined by André Chénier, the companion of his struggles in the

Journal de Paris, who was never afterwards to quit him. The suspicion of their gaolers soon began to make them more uncomfortable. They were forbidden to receive food from outside, and to use Italian or English in their letters. These severities were due to a conspiracy of the lower corridor against the Convention. As a consolation, Roucher was allowed to have with him as a companion his son Emile, a child of five years old, whose innocent prattling disarmed all severity. He was a great favourite in the ladies' corridor. He had as playthings a rabbit, a sparrow, and a monkey.

This comparative happiness was spoilt by new rigour: communications between the several corridors was forbidden. Each cell was scrupulously searched. Even Émile's playthings were confiscated. Roucher was threatened with the removal of his son, a threat which afterwards took effect. All lights in the cells were forbidden; the prisoners had to sleep and sup in darkness. A little later all communication with the external world was stopped. Five days after the departure of the child he was transferred with Chénier to the Conciergerie. They occupied the same cell. They went through a mock trial before the infamous Fouquier Tinville. Two hours after their condemnation they were led out to execution. The passage from the Conciergerie to the Barrière de la Déchéance lasted an hour. Roucher was compelled during forty-five minutes to see the axe of the guillotine fall thirty-five times. He kept his courage to the end, and avoiding the crowd, fixed his eyes on the Avenue which led to Vincennes, seeing perhaps a vision of the future triumph of that liberty which he had loved so long and so well, and in whose cause he suffered.

AN OLD FOUNDATION.

THE HISTORY OF DULWICH COLLEGE, DOWN TO THE PASSING OF THE ACT OF PARLIAMENT DISSOLVING THE ORIGINAL CORPORATION, 28TH AUGUST, 1857; WITH A LIFE OF THE FOUNDER, EDWARD ALLEYN, AND AN ACCURATE TRANSCRIPT OF HIS DIARY, 1617—1622. By William Young. With numerous illustrations. Two vols. London: T. B. Bumpus.

IT is not often a successful actor is content to exchange the applause of the crowd for the pleasure of the country, but Edward Alleyn—of whose munificent foundation at Dulwich this work forms a most comprehensive history—though admittedly at the time of his retirement the Roscius of the age, was alive to the fact that a veteran may linger too long upon the stage, and at the age of fifty he retired from the boards, and devoted the remainder of his days to deeds of charity and the promotion of education among the groves of Dulwich. Born in 1566 in the parish of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, Alleyn spent the first years of his life in the streets and lanes of the city. When quite young he developed a decided taste for the profession in which he was destined to win the highest honours, and after having served an apprenticeship in the art of acting, he made his *début* at Leicester in the year 1583-4. From this time his success as an actor became more and more assured, and he subsequently laid a still more substantial foundation for his fortune by marrying, in 1592, the daughter of Philip Henslowe, who had become Groom of the Chamber to Queen Elizabeth.

It is not clear when Alleyn first entertained the idea of founding the College. But we are told that he laid the foundations in 1613 and set up the gates in 1616. For its administration he framed very full and definite statutes, a copy of which will be found in the present work. These provided that the staff of the College should consist of a Master, a Warden, and four Fellows, whose duty it was to see that twelve poor persons from the parishes of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, St. Giles, Cripplegate, St. Saviour, Southwark, and Camberwell, were clothed and fed; and that twelve poor scholars from the same parishes were taught "good and sound learning, wryting, reading, grammar, music, and good manners." In

addition to these scholars, boys from Dulwich were to be admitted as "foreigners" on payment of a two-shilling entrance fee, and sixpence a quarter towards paying for "brooms and rods."

When first launched, the scheme offered such overwhelming advantages to all concerned that it was difficult to imagine that any friction could arise in carrying out its provisions. The site of the College was on the well-wooded slopes of the Surrey hills; the building was commodious; the staff was well paid; the inmates were amply provided for; and it seemed therefore that peace and quiet would be the natural product of so much comfort and plenty. But it is a law of nature that the beneficiaries of a charity should never be contented. They readily imbibe the opinion that one good turn on the part of the founder deserves many more from the same source, and Alleyn had no sooner filled his almshouses than discontent, quarrelling, and back-biting broke out among the inmates. Nor was the staff any more harmoniously inclined. By the statutes it was decreed that the Master, Warden, and Fellows were to be unmarried, and any lapse into the marriage state was to be punished by dismissal. This regulation seems to have had the effect of prompting a desire to break it. Constant charges were brought against members of the staff of having secretly taken to themselves wives, and much contradictory evidence was sworn in support and in refutation of the several accusations. This, however, was only one of the provoking causes of the disquiet which reigned at the College. We find on one occasion (Vol. I., p. 174), that the Master complained to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was the visitor of the College, "that the schoolmaster hath a curateship in London, and is absent two or three dayes; that the fellowes combine together and grant each other leave of absence, and then in voting they combine so as to outvote the Master and Warden; that the inhabitants' children ought to be taught freely, paying only for entrance, and two shillings a year, which the schoolmaster refuses unless he is also paid; a caterer cheated the Colledge, and the Master gave orders that he should goe noe more to markett. The fellowes in the Master's absence voted that he should, and the same day he ran away with the money, £3; that Mr. Mawde called the Master a knave, and an arrant cheating knave."

This is a specimen of the complaints which were constantly brought to the notice of the Archbishop down to the year 1857, when, most fortunately in the general interest, the Charity Commissioners came forward with a scheme for the reformation of the endowment. They swept away all the abuses which had in a large measure choked up the fountain of Alleyn's charity, and put new vitality into the corporation, which had become effete and lifeless. The change which their action has effected in the course of the last thirty years is little short of marvellous. When they opened their inquiry, the revenues were in a great measure frittered away; the staff was curiously unprovided with work; and there were only ten boys in the school. At the present time the expenditure of every penny of the income, which amounts to about £22,000 a year, is most carefully scrutinised; the Warden and Fellows have disappeared, leaving only a Master and a Chaplain, who probably do more work in a day than the old staff did in a twelvemonth; the old College has been exchanged for a large and handsome building in harmony with the improved condition of the school, and the ten boys have become six hundred.

It very commonly happens that existing endowments attract others. At Dulwich this has eminently been the case. Inspired probably by the example of his namesake, James Allen, one of the masters, devised (1741) to the College certain properties in Kensington for the endowment of a school for the poor boys and girls of Dulwich. This endowment shared in the general revival of 1857, and at the present time provides a most efficient education for